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G. W. STELLER,

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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH SPEED AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

VOICES OF THE PAST.

Oh Memory! thou Wakener of the Dead!
How will some gentle touch thy chords awake
To breathe forth plaintive melodies!

One glorious day,
I had laid down my weary frame within
A lonely room, to seek refreshing sleep;
But nerves and brain, excited, would not yield
Their feverish play, to the soft soothing power
Of the mild angel, and I listening lay
To every sound that rose.

Hark! 'tis the tread
Of little feet, as the light-hearted child
Runs gladly out at the paternal call
To meet its doting Father. Ah! it seems
But yesterday I was a little child,
And frisked about as gaily as the lambs,
My little play-mates, with my sister dear,
Around my Father's foot-steps; and he smiled
To see our joy, when the young lambs would eat
From out our hand, or when he bid us come
And listen at the hay-mow to the sound
Of the first, early chickens, as the hen
Would strive to still them, little downy heads
Come peeping out beneath the mother's wing
To see the outer world. And when we walked
Beneath the apple-boughs, in the soft grass,
And gathered violets, a fragrant bunch
To take to Mother, would point out to us
Their delicate tints, and tell us of the Power,
Who filled the air with the delicious sweet
From apple-blossoms, bid the hair-bird secure
Its crumb and nest, the red-breast's cheerful notes
Sound mid the boughs, until our little hearts
Swelled full of wonder, full of gratitude
To that good, glorious Power, who made the world
So wonderfully lovely.

Have I been dreaming? have my senses slept,
While fancy led me thro' long varied years
In a few moments? No, it is no dream.
Long years, long years have indeed passed since then,
I've seen those cherished Sisters stricken down
By stern disease; one lovely one, with heart
Just opening to the witcheries of the world,
After two days of suffering, yielded back
Her soul to Him, who gave it; and before
The grave was closed above her head, I heard
Her darling sister's long, thick breath, and knew
By my ached, choking heart, this, too, was death.
And now, yes, it is two my Father's form
Is laid to rest beside them. All three sleep
Near the green hillock, where "the stars look down
With kindling eyes," and the fresh, summer breeze
Waves the tall grass, and fans the clover sweet,
And the forget-me-not, his favorite flower
That blooms around their graves.

Where am I? This lone room,
The red sun gleaming thro' the curtained glass,
Can this be mine, my little chamber, where
The moon looked in so calmly; where I sat
Beside the window, when the day was past,
Its cares, and toils, and looked upon the stars
Resting so tranquilly above the brow
Of the majestic mountain, while its base
Was encircled by the silvery glow that rose
From the clear brooklet flowing at its foot,
With the calm plain below; while my hot brow
Was cooled by the fresh mountain breeze, my heart
Hushed its wild beatings, and my soul drank in
Tranquility from all its joys, and woes,
From the calm scene around; and thus I spent
An hour in which the world could have no part!

I do not hear
The roaring of the brook, or the deep wind
Rush thro' the forest tops; no, 'tis the shouts
Of boys at play, the ringing anvil's sound,
And screeking files, and rumbling of the wheels,
With such a strange, wild noise rings thro' my brain.
No 'tis not home!

Yet the birds sing; I hear the robin's notes
Sounding as cheerily as e'er of yore.
And soon the earth will wear its soft, green robe,
The poplar-tree unfold its trembling leaves,
The cherry its white blossoms, and the flowers
Of varied dyes, breathe perfume on the air.
Ungrateful heart! how can you murmur, when
The Earth is made so beautiful, the Sky
So glorious, and the great Power

April 18th, 1845.

A POINTED REPLY.—A Spanish Archbishop
having a dispute with an opulent Duke, who said
with scorn, "What are you? your titles and
your revenues are only for your life," answered
with emphatic truth, "And for how many lives
does your grace hold yours?"

POPULAR TALES.

THE COQUETTE.

A TALE OF THE WORLD.

Chapter I.

MRS. CHETWYND'S DRAWING-ROOM.

"My child," said Mrs. Chetwynd to her lovely daughter, as they were both seated in that lady's luxuriously furnished drawing-room, in one of the most fashionable streets of London, "do, for one moment, attend to me; I wish to speak seriously to you of your present condition. Whilst I live, all will be well, but when I die you will be destitute—absolutely destitute. I have, as you well know, only a life interest in your poor father's estate, and instead of having saved something out of my income for your future maintenance, I have always been unable to make it out, and now I am deeply in debt. Had Heaven blessed me with a son, this economy would have been unnecessary, but as it is, your cousin Crammer got every thing there was to leave, and you nothing. Do then, dear Emilia, make up your mind, whilst the opportunity is allowed you, to procure for yourself a good husband, and a comfortable home. You are pretty well educated, and with pleasing manners. You are, or rather have been the fashion; and had you chosen, you might long before this have been a happy and envied wife."

"Happy, mother," interrupted the daughter, as she raised her fair head from her embroidery frame; "happy! what with that odious and horrid Mr. Smith, or that no less disgusting Sir John Beaumaris?"

"And why not," resumed Mrs. Chetwynd, gravely; "Mr. Smith, as far as I know—and for weeks he was here almost daily—was anything but odious and horrid. His person was good—his manners, though rather unformed, were not vulgar—his estate was far greater than you could have any pretensions to share, and—"

"His name, too, was so pleasant," added the daughter.

"I have yet to learn, Emilia," resumed the other, "that having a common or ugly name, is a sufficient reason for refusing an agreeable man. Name! oh, my child, be not so thoughtless. But Sir John, his name surely was good enough for you, and his rank sufficiently high; what can you allege against him?"

"Oh, a thousand things. In the first place, is he not old enough to be my father?"

"Hardly," he, I think, Emilia, was thirty-eight and you are one and twenty."

"But he was grave enough and cross enough; and oh, mother, I would rather die an old maid than marry such a man. No, my husband must be far different from either Mr. Smith or Sir John Beaumaris. Let me see he must be young, handsome, agreeable, travelled, rich, and talented; must have a good house in town, (not a box like this,) a villa at Richmond, a mansion in the country, and an old castle in Scotland; then his name must be a good one, his family high, and his descent noble. I should prefer a peer of course, but I should not, I think, on reflection, refuse such a man even though he were a commoner; and now, mamma, you know what your future son-in-law is to be like."

"Nay—nay," was the answer, "such a one you will never gain. But, child, I foresee your doom—at an end, destined to wear out life as a 'coquette' to some cross and tyrannical woman; hated by your inferiors, scorned by your employers, and tormented with the constant reflection, that had you taken your parent's advice your lot, instead of being thus miserable, would have been most happy. You think me wrong, now, Emilia, but the time will soon come, when you will bitterly remember this conversation."

And the tears came in the affectionate, though imprudent mother's eyes, as she thus sketched her darling daughter's future fate.

But that daughter would not believe her assertions, would take no heed of her warnings, and blinded by her own foolishness and vanity of heart, persisted in believing that ere long she should, by a brilliant marriage, falsify her tiresome mother's gloomy predictions.

A certain Lady St. Philip now entered the apartment, and, in the gossip of the day, their previous conversation was soon forgotten, at least by the beautiful, scheming, and heartless girl.

Chapter II.

THOUGHTS AT THE TOILET.

As Emilia sat at her toilet that night, the words of her mother again recurred to her.

"But impossible," she murmured, as she surveyed her lovely features in the bright mirror before her. Is it possible that such can be my destined fate?—Am I really to die an old maid?—no, no; this speaking glass tells me otherwise, and the world, whenever I enter its charmed circles, unless it flatters me too greatly, assures me that I have only to ask, and I shall have immediately. A companion! horrible idea. I remember last summer old Lady Helmonde's telling me all about the miseries and torments she had to endure in seeking for a companion, and she, I can easily imagine, could inflict as well as receive all her

There was poor Miss Sayer, too, she and get him to the point. Let me see, who is there amongst them who possesses all those requisites I asked for this morning—the Duke of Glenmorris; ah, he is too high a prize for me; besides, he was offended last week with me, because I laughed at his fine speeches. Lord Vil-

lehapton! hum—I could not object to him, but I have no chance there. Sir Peter Penmuire! he is a blockhead; besides, I am not sure that he has a villa, and a villa I will have. Sir Claude Gremorne! ah, he is a darling, but then he is so dissipated; besides, he is a coxcomb, and always seems to think that every one is dying for him, and such a man I cannot bear. Well, who is there left? Only, I protest, Colonel Fitz Spencer, and poor Mr. Clanwilliam; and one of those two it must be, and now which?—The Colonel has an uncle a baronet, and if by any lucky chance his two gawky sons should die then after the old man is gone, the Colonel would be Sir Henry. Now, I have no objection to him; he is not very good looking to be sure; but then I believe mamma was almost right in what she said, and I must not expect too much. And lastly, this Mr. Clanwilliam; what can I say for him? Which is the better prize of the two? Both, I think, are about equal, and so I will leave it to chance to decide. To-night I shall, know, meet them both, and it shall not be my fault if one of them, at least, does not before long pop the question."

Thus far had she thought, when her maid's question as to whether 'she would wear the blue crape or the primrose satin,' effectually changed the current of her ideas, and she was soon busily engaged in the mysteries of the toilet.

Chapter III.

THE TWO LOVERS.

And so she went and met them; but alas! for her hopes, neither that night, in spite of all her attractions (and to tell the truth, she had never looked more beautiful,) nor in the course of the next few months, could she draw a 'declaration' from either of the two gentlemen. Both seemed suddenly to have grown prudent and cold and both evidently cared but little for all her charms.

For the Colonel there was, however, some slight hope remaining, for if he did not show her much affection, yet he testified none to any other woman; but for Mr. Clanwilliam, all hope was now over, for he had openly joined in the admiration of a new and most lovely belle, and was if report spoke true, deeply smitten with the fair beauty.

In the meantime the season passed away—the last ball of the season was danced—the last dinner eaten—the last scandal discussed—and people only waited for Parliament's breaking up, to betake themselves to the country and all its attractions; and still nothing was done in the way of procuring a husband for Emilia.

Mrs. Chetwynd talked on, but her daughter paid no attention to her discourse, and when at last they left London to pay a visit to the hospitable house of an old friend at S—, it was with a sinking heart and a sad apprehension, that the former thought upon her declining health, and of the rapidly approaching time when her thoughtless child must be left alone to bear the scorn and hatred of a world that hath no compassion for poverty or want, and that only loveth wealth, and rank, and station.

Chapter IV.

THE LAST CHANCE.

Still there was a chance; for amongst the many guests whom they met at S—, was the same Sir John Beaumaris whom Emilia had refused to marry so much scorn the year before; and still willing, too, he appeared to forget all her former coldness, and again to ask her to be his richly portioned wife. And after many long and serious discourses on the subject the foolish girl was actually nearly persuaded that it would be advisable for her to give the baronet that encouragement which she well knew would be all he wanted to enable him to propose again, when, unluckily, (or should we not say luckily?) Colonel Fitz Spencer, suddenly appeared again upon the stage—and henceforth the baronet's doom was fixed.

What! marry him? when she could have the charming Fitz Spencer, only by a little exertion on her part? No, never! And in spite of all her mother's admonitions, she at once, and without ceremony, made the truth evident to Sir John—and he, as he well might be, disgusted with her conduct, soon left her to her fate; and within a very short time married a girl, who, though not beautiful, and a belle, was yet modest, amiable, and affectionate.

It almost seemed as though the Colonel read the secrets of the coquette's heart, for he continued to lure her on as long as the baronet remained; but as soon as ever he was gone his attentions became less frequent, his manners grew colder, and she was very soon convinced that all her hopes from that quarter were in vain.

And thus the six-weeks of their visit passed away. At the end of that time they left S—, for the house of another friend, where unfortunately there were no beaux for Emilia to captivate; and Christmas saw them once more in Baker street.

Mrs. Chetwynd day by day grew weaker, and was now assured that her time on earth was very short; whilst the sad knowledge that at her death her daughter would be quite destitute, affected her body as well as her mind—and rendered her less than ever capable of resisting the attacks of her insidious disease.

But Emilia, what said she? Was she sorry for the loss of Sir John; and disappointed at the prospect of having another? Probably in the latter she was, though she would never own it. But that she was irritated with Colonel Fitz Spencer, there could be no doubt; and in the bitterness of her feelings when she found how much he had deceived her, she first of all found—and experienced—the pangs of retributive justice

—for she, that had so often deceived others was deceived herself.

Thus, then, another year dawned, and found Emilia aged three and twenty, with waning beauty, (for time and distress of mind, aided by constant dissipation, had begun to produce their usual effects,) dying mother, and no lover at her decease to supply her with that home and protection she would so much stand in need of—Was she not, in spite of all her faults, to be pitied?

Chapter V.

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

"Who is that cross, disagreeable looking woman I saw with your aunt to-day?" said Lady Helena Cramme to Augusta Errington, as they were walking together in the spacious and beautiful park of Errington Court, one bright May morning last year.

"Who? Oh, only the companion," was the answer.

"And who is she—has she no name?"

"Yes, I believe so," said Miss Errington, with a laugh, (she had good teeth, and was therefore fond of laughter.) "She is a Miss Chetwynd. But why do you ask? I am sure there is nothing wonderful in her appearance—not but what she is good enough for my aunt."

"Why, because I fancied I remember her many years ago as a very lovely girl."

"Indeed, did you?" asked the other. "Well, she must be changed then, for now she is anything but lovely."

"Time alters all of us," replied Lady Helena in a grave tone, "and you, my young friend, will find that twenty years hence, you will not be quite so good looking as now."

"The compliment to her present beauty was at least acceptable to the young lady's mind, and she went on to ask with some degree of interest for further information."

"Her's is a sad story, my dear. She might once have been the wife of my brother-in-law, Sir John Beaumaris. Indeed, so attached to her was he, that I believe he twice made her an offer of his hand."

"And she refused him?" asked Augusta, in wonder.

"Ah! you may think it strange now—but she was vain and foolish—and a coquette. No one was good enough for her, though she herself had not a penny; and so time went on, and at last her mother, who had a very good jointure, tho' she foolishly saved nothing of it, died, and left her child destitute."

"And then, what could she do? She had no friends, for her conduct had disgusted every one; and literally after Mrs. Chetwynd's funeral, and the furniture had been sold, she had not got fifty pounds in the world. I know this to be true, for Sir John, notwithstanding her bad treatment of him, still took some interest in her fortunes. Well, she tried for a place as companion, and after awhile succeeded. But she did not stay long at Lady St. Lawrence's, for she was soon found out in a most violent flirtation with young Lord Jaleforte, the heir. This of course would not do, so she was dismissed. What next became of her I do not know; but when I again heard of her, she was living with a deaf and almost blind lady in Kent, who kept no company, and never stirred from home. So you may imagine that that was not a very pleasant situation. What a change, too, from her previous life, and how much she must have suffered when she thought (as she could not but think sometimes) of the opportunities she had thrown away, and of the station in life she might have held, had not her absurd pride and vanity stood in the way. Well, I suppose, she kept there till old Mrs. Kerr died, for I saw her death in the papers this spring; and now I suddenly find her living with your aunt, Mrs. B—."

"Well, and now you know her history. Would, poor thing, that she could recall the past—and turn how differently would she act; but she chose her own way, and is now suffering from it."

"But was she really ever beautiful?" asked the young lady.

"To be sure, it is long ago, and she has had much to bear—but now she seems to be so grave and ill-tempered, I really wonder aunt can like to have her in the house. But then, she, too, is not the gayest, nor the best tempered—well, it is a sad story."

"It is so," was the answer. "And one from which we may all profit. But you ask whether Emilia Chetwynd was ever beautiful. I tell you I remember her one of the most lovely girls I ever met with. Do you recollect that curious old collar I showed you the other day, which you abused so much? Well, that was named after her—the 'Chetwynd,' and for a time every body wore them. Ah! she was quite the fashion then—the bell of the day—and now—ah! Augusta, you see what she is come to."

"And the kind hearted lady sighed as she tho't of the difference; and henceforth Miss Errington, remembering the past, treated her aunt's companion with less hauteur than she had formerly done."

Chapter VI.

HER FUTURE FATE.

Alas! that such should be the history of Emilia Chetwynd! But that it is true cannot be doubted—and that there are many others whose fate has been like hers, can as little be denied.—"O! that the young would beware; and that they would not be the character of a coquette, and let search for a husband."

But there are many—many Emilia Chetwynds in the world, and though some may not meet with so just a reward for their sins as she has done, yet that all in some measure are punished

for their crime in after life is, and must be evident.

And now, at the age of thirty-eight, behold her—as fulfilling the repugnant office of "companion." Worse, far worse off than a servant, she has to bear with all the bad temper of her employer; is always expected to be useful to her—nay, is commanded to amuse her. She has no time of her own; she is allowed to express no wish contrary to Mrs. Bellew's likings or dislikings; is at any hour liable to be turned off without warning; and finally, should she ever struggle on till Mrs. Bellew's death—then, when that event takes place (and it cannot be long) she will once more have to seek her bread, and once more have to accommodate herself to the habits and wishes of her next employer.

Pity her we may; but we cannot in our hearts say that her lot is undeserved; and however much we may be tempted to exclaim against her punishment, yet must we remember that all these things were foretold her by her mother; and that, had she chosen, she could have avoided them all, and now have been a happy and beloved wife.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

Sir William Howe, having in vain attempted to entice or provoke General Washington to engagement, had, in June, retired with his army from the Jerseys to Staten Island. After keeping the American general in long and perplexing suspense concerning his intended operations, he at length sailed from Sandy Hook with about 10,000 men; entered Chesapeake Bay; and on the 24th of August arrived at the head of Elk river. Generals Grant and Knyphausen having joined him on the 8th of September with the troops under their command, the whole army moved onward in two columns toward Philadelphia, the possession of which was now discovered to be the object of the British commander. General Washington, who regulated his movements by those of the enemy, had by this time, with the whole American army, excepting the light infantry, which remained on the line, taken a position behind Red Clay Creek, on the road leading directly from the enemy's camp to Philadelphia. The British boldly advanced until they were within two miles of the Americans—General Washington, on reconnoitering their situation, apprehending their object to be to turn his right, and suddenly crossing the Brandywine, to seize the heights on the north side of the river and cut off his communication with Philadelphia, changed his position early in the night of the 26th of September, crossed the Brandywine, and the next morning took post behind the river, on the height near Chadd's Ford.

At daybreak on the morning of the eleventh, the royal army advanced in two columns, the one commanded by Lieutenant General Knyphausen, and the other by Lord Cornwallis. While the first column took the direct road to Chadd's Ford, and made a show of passing it in front of the main body of the Americans, the other moved up on the west side of the Brandywine to its fork, crossed both its branches about two in the afternoon, and marched down on its eastern side with the view of turning the right wing of their adversaries. General Washington, on receiving intelligence of their approach, made the proper disposition to receive them. The divisions commanded by Sullivan, Sterling, and Stephen, advanced a little farther up the Brandywine and fronted the column of the approaching enemy; Wayne's division, with Maxwell's light infantry, remained at Chadd's Ford, to keep Knyphausen in check; Green's division, accompanied by General Washington, formed a reserve, and took a central position between the right and left wings. The divisions detached against Cornwallis took possession of the heights above Birmingham church, their left reaching toward the Brandywine; the artillery was judiciously placed, and their flanks were covered by woods. About four o'clock, Lord Cornwallis formed the line of battle, and began the attack. The Americans sustained it for some time with intrepidity; but their right at length gave away, the remaining divisions, exposed to a galling fire on the flank, continued to break on the right, and the whole line was soon completely routed. As soon as Cornwallis had commenced his attack, Knyphausen crossed the Ford, and attacked the troops posted for its defence; which after a severe conflict, were compelled to give way. The retreat of the Americans, which soon became general, was continued to Chester, and the next day to Philadelphia. The loss, sustained by the Americans in this action, is estimated at 300 killed and 600 wounded. Between 300 and 400, principally the wounded, were made prisoners. The loss of the British was stated to be rather less than 100 killed, and 400 wounded. As the British were advancing toward Goshen to gain the Lancaster road, dispositions were again made for battle, on the 16th by both armies; but a heavy rain separated the advanced parties, which had begun to skirmish, and its increasing violence soon obliged the Americans to retreat. General Washington on the 19th crossed the Schuylkill, and encamped on the eastern bank of that river, while detachments of his army were posted at the several fords, over which the enemy would probably attempt to force a passage.

"To arms! to arms!" as the bracelet said to the young lady.

Domestic Economy.—To keep preserves for years, says the Knickerbocker, bottle them up and place them on some conspicuous shelf, labelled "arsenic." We have kept the best preserves for years, in this manner even in a house full of boarders and apprentice boys. It heats cool gallies all to smash.

IMPROVEMENTS EFFECTING THE DURABILITY OF TIMBER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WHIG AND COURIER.

As any practicable plan for making timber more durable and valuable will be of interest to the readers of your paper, I send you a condensed account of some recent experiments made in France which appear more feasible than any I have before seen.

Many plans for accomplishing this object have been tried and several have effected the purpose, but the great fault with them all appears to be the expense, which is so enormous as to make them useless in practice.

The simple and cheap plan described by M. Bouché appears to point out a way to make the hard woods of this region durable, and more fit for the common purposes for which it may be used.

Instead of the expensive works constructed in England for the purpose of injecting the mass of the wood with the proper preparations he makes use of the vital powers of the trees. He says "If we cut a tree and immerse the foot of it within a suitable time in a saline solution whether weak or concentrated a strong absorption is exercised by the tree upon the liquid which thus penetrates the tissue and soon reaches the highest point of the stem and even the terminal leaves, if we are careful to furnish sufficient quantity of the liquid."

Thus in six days in the month of September a poplar tree ninety feet in height and fifteen inches in diameter the foot of which was immersed only eight inches into the pyrolignite of iron was entirely impregnated, it absorbed the enormous quantity of three and a half cubic feet. It is not necessary that the tree should remain in an upright position as it was found that the experiment succeeded as well when the trunk of the tree was horizontal the liquid being applied by means of a waterproof bag fitted to the end of the trunk.

He also by boring through the trunk, then sawing the tree nearly through and applying a flexible reservoir succeeded equally well. Enough of the wood should be left to ensure the stability of the tree during the experiments. The summer and autumn appear to be the best seasons as the circulation is then most active. The time that this power continues is from six to ten days after removal of the tree from the stump.

The solutions recommended as combining in the highest degree cheapness and efficiency are solution of pyrolignite of iron or the chlorides of lime and soda.

The first makes the wood hard and if a due proportion of the salt is injected into the wood, indestructible by rot.

The latter makes the wood flexible and is useful where toughness and elasticity are required.

With the first preparation the wood was found to be much harder and less easily worked than the same timber unprepared by this process.

In the latter the wood was found to be increased in toughness and durability.

A slip of pine thus prepared one tenth of an inch in thickness and two feet long was twisted in the direction of its length so as to form a complete bilix and also made to bend into three entire concentric circles it immediately returned to the straight line as soon as the force ceased to act after having been prepared for eighteen months, these properties had not diminished.

Tablets were also made of large dimensions and quite thin which after a year had elapsed were found to be unaltered while those made from unprepared wood were found to be much warped. Hoops were made and placed upon casks with others of similar wood which had not been prepared and after a certain time had elapsed the prepared hoops were found to be unaltered while the others were decayed and brittle.

The result of the experiments which appear to have been made with great care, prove that wood can be made to be nearly as durable as stone or iron. That when required its elasticity can be increased and preserved that it can be prevented from warping and shrinking made less inflammable, and also can be colored with various hues as may be wanted for ornamental work.

From remarks upon this subject the inventor states that as "the process of penetration of wood by the vital aspiration can only be executed during the running of the sap," and from other considerations he was induced to seek for a better means of penetrating the wood.

This process, which is only applicable to wood newly cut and sawn into pieces of any length, consists in placing the wood vertically and attaching to its upper extremity bags of water-proof stuff into which is poured saline or other solutions. The liquid speedily penetrates by the upper extremity, while the sap escapes below.

Many interesting facts were observed during the experiments, but the limits of a newspaper would hardly admit the recapitulation of them; a full account of them may be found in the 27th vol. of the Journal of the Franklin Institute. The Pyrolignite of iron, which charcoal is made in the improved way, can be easily procured; and thus by converting the upper portions of the tree into coal, material may be furnished for preparing the body of the tree for timber.

China.—The American Missionaries at Macao are now issuing a New-paper, and occasional Tracts, printed on metallic type.—The Mission is fast gaining the confidence and esteem of the most intelligent among the Chinese.

Owing for a newspaper is said to be the cause of night-mare; paying the printer, the remedy, of course.

HEMLOCK CLOSETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WHIG AND COURIER.

I noticed in your paper some weeks since a statement that rats and mice would not gnaw hemlock.

Over a year since I was very much troubled and suffered much loss by reason of the depredations of these mischievous creatures; for they would quickly gnaw through pine and devour my grain very badly; and after being told that hemlock boxes would be a sure protection, I tried the experiment and put all my grains into sound hemlock boxes and I have not been troubled with them since.

I am now satisfied that rats and mice will not gnaw good sound hemlock boxes or closets; for the good reason that they are so full of splinters that they will not even make the attempt.

Care should be taken however that the boxes be made of hemlock that is free from rot or decay.

JOHN EWER.

Bangor, April 16, 1845.

The Tannier; a New Esculent Root. Any thing that will promise to add to the list of eatables, ought to be cultivated with care, and its properties thoroughly investigated, and all the facts which are ascertained, and those whose business it is to feed them. We find in the New York Farmer and Mechanic, a communication from NEDDHAM DAVIS, Esq. of Davis Mills, Barnwell District, South Carolina, respecting a vegetable called the "Tannier," which appears to be a species of "Arum," or what we call "Wake Robin" or "Indian Turnip."

He states that he planted some in a damp soil, near a mill-pond, where it remained four years before he examined it, when he found that it had increased in size, and there were also a great number of additional roots. On experimenting with them, he found that the leaf and root had a hot, peppery taste, and the skin was somewhat acrid. On boiling it, he found that it was a rich vegetable, and had a taste resembling "Deer's Marrow." When boiled with the skin on, he found they retained this rich glutinous substance, and were as mealy as the potato. He says these grow to the depth of four to six feet, in a rich damp soil, (a pretty good debt, we think,) with a stalk two and a half inches in diameter at the root. He says they may be planted, like Irish potatoes, in drills, and that they will remain in the ground ten years, increasing their roots, and the old roots increasing too. That the tops and leaves yield a glutinous substance which hogs and cattle are as fond of as they are with cabbage.

A vegetable that possesses all these properties must be a valuable acquisition to the farm garden, and well worth the most careful culture. The next question for us to ask, is—can it be cultivated in our latitude? It seems to be so, as it is cultivated in South Carolina, where it is not only flourishing for ten years together, but the stalks would put an end to it. Perhaps it could be taken up and stored, as we do the potato.

[This we all know is a native of a warm climate, where the winters are sufficiently mild to let it grow without destruction by the cold. Yet we cultivate it here to great perfection. Who knows that the Tannier cannot be cultivated here, in the same manner? We have no doubt that it is the same species growing wild in our forests and swamps. It is the *Arum Triphyllum*, commonly called Indian Turnip. This is very acrid when in a green state, but it loses its acridity in time by drying, and also by cooking. We should like to have the South Carolina species tried in this State.]

RENNING BEANS. The prettiest way for a man who cultivates but little land, to raise his own dry beans for next winter's use is—rot to plant the bush kinds by themselves, for this will require to much land, as the product is small; but to raise white pole beans. The common case knife beans are excellent for this purpose. Strike out a dozen or more circles on the ground, as large as a cart wheel. Put a wheel barrow load of manure into it, and spade it up with the earth. Drop the seeds in the circle, on the outer edge say six inches apart. Then insert eight or ten poles just within the circle, at equal distances from each other, and tie the tops of the whole together—forming a cone. Cover up the seed, and wait the result.

Each of the hills will yield you a peck or a bushel of dry beans next fall—which if you have but a dozen such hills, will give you perhaps a dozen bushels. This will be enough for your purposes. By this case, a little land is occupied. Pole beans will yield very much more abundantly than bush beans, and occupy no more land, and will keep the surface of the earth.

CRANBERRIES. If you have a small space of moist or wet ground in your garden, procure, if possible, a few slips of the Cranberry, and set them. The best way of propagating, is to take up large sods in the same way you would cut turf in a clover lay, and deposit them in holes made for the purpose, about four or five feet apart, with all the dirt and extraneous vegetables intermixed. They will soon take root, and in a short time spread over the interstitial spaces, especially if the soil be good. If it is poor, manure with muck, or dung from the hog-yard—remembering, however, that old, well-rotted dung is far preferable for this use, to new.

Silence. One might have heard a pin fall in a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase; you might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric pocket handkerchief. A Prussian Philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

A gentleman direct from Washington, says the Boston Courier states that Gorham Parais of Maine has been appointed Consul at Rio Janeiro, in place of Mr. Gordon.

From the Eastern Argus.

THIRD PARTIES.

The history of Politics, if it teaches any thing at all, teaches the utter folly of attempting to establish a third party. The Democracy on one side, and the Federalists, under some one of their numerous aliases, on the other, form the two great political divisions in our country, and are not likely soon to be displaced by any new combinations. They have swallowed up, heretofore, we know not how many little factions, which in the days of their first noisy existence, seemed destined to great influence and a long life; and they will doubtless, in time to come, swallow up very many other factions of a similar character. While the spirit of ambition and discontent remains in the world, men who are not estimated in either of the great parties as high as they estimate themselves, will be sure from time to time, to slough off from their old associations, and try to take the lead in some new combination; and if they set up for reformers and make zealous professions of morality and patriotism they may run a very brief career of notoriety, before they are left by the reflux wave of public opinion, to enjoy their day of glory solitary and alone. But to this complexion it will pretty surely come at last; and they will have only emerged from obscurity to exhibit their political instability and their zeal without knowledge.

A man's party, to be sure, may need reform, and he may feel bound sometimes to leave it from an honest belief in its corruption, and without any admixture of merely selfish considerations. In such a case, he must of course, determine his duty for himself. But if he will reflect a little, he will find that it is better for those in it than by those out of it, to desert its ranks because it does not come quite up to his standard on some minor question of policy, while in its general principles he fully agrees with it, is about as wise as it would be to exchange a dwelling with only one fault for another with only one virtue. Better undertake to repair the evil rather than to lose the advantages; or better even "to leave the ship, but not the sea." No organization with objects of a broad and general character, can adapt its action on every subject to the individual views of each one of its members. They must expect to differ, on numerous questions of policy and morals, but so long as they agree in the cardinal principles and purposes of the party, they can properly and beneficially continue the connection. And while the principles and purposes are not lost sight of, they ought not to complain of their party, because it will not engage with them in every subordinate and local quarrel which may be got up on various matters of more or less temporary interest. It is not a society, they must consider, for the preservation of all human imperfections, but for the preservation of just principles in government; and although its general influence should be a healthy one, from the fact that it is founded on right opinions, yet it cannot go out of its way to neglect its leading aims, for the sake of moving a nuisance in its neighborhood, or promoting an improvement in that.

If on any new question, of sufficient dignity to arrest the attention of a National party, it may occupy, through its agents a false position, for a time, yet the working of its own just principles, and the efforts of its individual members, must, in the long run, make the error of its direction.

Whenever the great mass of a party desire a particular course of action on any subject, they have only to speak in order to see it strictly adopted. If they will use their power in this respect, it cannot be resisted—and it is in the exercise of such a power that we find the surest safeguard of political purity. There are many of the people who, while affairs go on with tolerable correctness, do not take an active part in primary meetings, or busy themselves with the general machinery of party movements. But let them see any treachery in the camp—let their prominent men show signs of falsehood—let any proof be had that their principles are in danger—and they rise up at once in all the majesty of their strength to punish the treachery of their friends and vindicate their cause from falsehood. Many a political man has illustrated the value of this reserved power, by his own fall from honor and trust—and other illustrations, doubtless, will not be wanting in the future history of political affairs. While, then, the individuals of the party have thus the ability to control its action, they are not in need to form any new alliances, on account of its occasional imperfections.

We do not, of course, find fault with any man for voting and acting politically as he chooses. It is his right to do so, and we would not, if we could, interfere with it. We make these suggestions to pass for just what they are worth among those who seem to us to use this right, occasionally as they do, it were less important than it really is. It is a great objection to such factions as we have above alluded to, that their influences are frequently either utterly thrown away, or else exerted in a direction opposite to that in which they would otherwise be likely to be used.

They are, they would use them to hold "the balance of power" by claiming to hold "the balance of power" and after some not very honorable attempts to embarrass the great mass of the people, because they differ in opinion from them, they and frequently by being ejected and humbugged into the embraces of a party whose principles they do not like, and always by being disband-ed and forgotten. Their members seldom fail to get sick of them, and in nine cases out of ten regret heartily that they had any thing to do with them. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"—and before any democrat here undertakes to join a "new party" under any pretext whatever, we hope he may be induced to reflect on the history of third party movements heretofore, and find reason enough there, to keep him with his old associates and his old principles. In their company he has witnessed many severe struggles and honorable triumphs whose recollection must thrill his heart with pleasure; and we trust he will not, by following of Congress—to treat the general government as a mere party, like the opportunity to share in the benefits of a similar triumph, and then to turn some of those glorious rejoicings over victory, which he had so often and so heartily experienced in the past.

CONCOMITANCE NOT CAUSATION.

The concomitance of particular things or events, is obvious to all. But the perception of the relation of cause and effect is often of great difficulty even to the wise. People of great ignorance, who reflect but little upon the real causes of events are not only easily satisfied in general with round assertions but are very apt, in judging from mere appearances without sufficient examination, to mistake concomitance or the happening of two or more things at nearly the same time for causation or the power in the one to produce the other. Thus some of our whigs are very apt to mistake the election of a particular man for president and the existence of nonexistence, of a particular law or banking institution as the real cause or causes of all the commercial fluctuations, the ebbs and flows in the tide of business and perhaps also of all the prosperity or distress which may happen in the country during a given time.

Mere coincidence, in time alone, affords of itself but very poor evidence that the things so related are also connected by the relation of cause and effect. Philosophers have written books to show the truth of this assertion. We need not therefore enlarge upon the subject. We will add however, an anecdote related by Dugald Stewart in illustration of the fallacy which certain persons are under of making mistakes in this respect. Some years ago there was exhibited in the principal towns and villages of Scotland, as a curiosity, from its monstrous size, a great white ox. It happened that very soon afterwards an epidemic disease broke out in the several places where the ox had been exhibited. The people attributed the cause of the sickness to the ox though in reality it had no other connection with it except the simple relation of time and place.

The whigs say it was prosperous times when Mr. Van Buren came into office and bad times when he went out, he therefore according to their way of reasoning must have caused the bad times. In the same way we expect they will say, if the Bank of England should explode and great commercial revolutions and distress should follow throughout the whole commercial world, during the administration of President Polk, that it was all owing to him. In fact the Whig and Courier has as it says, "put on record" our statements of the present prospects of bringing them forth as a most damning proof of the incapacity of President Polk if misfortunes from any cause should happen during his administration.

Commercial distress and panic have long been a principal source of whig capital. It has become a proverbial that they rise, as the country falls. It is equally true that the country generally falls when they rise, not simply because they are in office but because their policy leads them ever to abuse power when in their possession by increasing the burdens of the poor many for the benefit of the rich few. But a party whose doctrines are unchangeable to the great body of the people and who in consequence are obliged to resist attacks from all quarters who in the most determined manner resist all attacks, are far less formidable in defence than attack. Hence it happens that it is only at distant intervals of time that they succeed in obtaining power, and also their success is the sure forerunner of their quick defeat. Bangor Democrat.

THE WHIGS AND ABOLITIONISTS

Nothing can exceed the language used by the whigs and abolitionists in venting their wrath upon the democracy for having passed the act for the annexation of Texas. It seems hardly probable that men, having common sense and decency, can allow themselves to deal in such shameful abuse. Those who do this deserve the unmitigated scorn and contempt of every friend of freedom and lover of his country.

Read the following vile words of the Boston Liberator:—

"The deed of perfidy, black as that Egyptian darkness which could be felt—of crime unsurpassed in the annals of human depravity—of tyrannical and monstrous human beings into four-footed beasts and marketable commodities—of blood and pollution, scarcely paralleled by that done in Sodom and Gomorrah—it is at this time in Sodom and Gomorrah—it is a process of shocking and extraordinary. From its inception to its completion, it has been marked by the most abhorrent features, and by a succession of incidents incredibly vile and atrocious. The slave power now holds a mastery over this nation, seemingly omnipotent. It is celebrating its triumph of blood and fire."

Read also, the remedy that is proposed:— "In the emergency, the inquiry is, What ought to be done? What can be done? Is the act to be submitted to, or resisted at all hazards? Our answer is, resisted at all hazards. Come what may, to acquiesce in it, whether to avoid difficulty, or simply because it has been carried, is to join in the conspiracy, in a cowardly and criminal manner. By a unanimous vote in the Senate, and by an overwhelming majority in the House, the Legislature of this State has declared that the act, if perpetrated, would have no binding force whatever on the people of Massachusetts. It has none. The Constitution has been overthrown—the American Union has ceased to exist. It was a blood cemented Union, and an impious Constitution. We do not lament, therefore, their destruction. But recognizing the fact, we call upon the people of Massachusetts to stand by their ground, in the spirit of freemen—to recall many severe struggles and honorable triumphs whose recollection must thrill his heart with pleasure; and we trust he will not, by following of Congress—to treat the general government as a mere party, like the opportunity to share in the benefits of a similar triumph, and then to turn some of those glorious rejoicings over victory, which he had so often and so heartily experienced in the past.

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NION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.—cry Freeman, to the rescue! and God defend the right!"

So much for the trade of these fanatics. Perhaps from this source nothing better might be expected. Long ago the writers of such savage sentiments had screwed themselves up to the point of dissolution, they lack only the power to plunge this nation into the abyss of civil war.

Such a party, containing in itself the seeds of its own decay, would soon sink to nothingness. It is only when its terrible words are caught up and endorsed by a party powerful in numbers and influence, that they become dangerous. This has already been done. The whig party have uttered and are uttering, through the press, language equally worthy of reprobation. The dictionary seems to be exhausted in supplying terms strong enough in which to express their rage.

[Boston Post.

NATIVE AMERICANISM.

It is a startling rush-light—which, by-the-by, its varieties fancied a fixed star—has quite gone out. In New York city, where it originated, not enough is left to "sneak by." In Philadelphia, where it distinguished itself by burning churches and committing murder, it is on its way to oblivion. In Albany, it sprang up and expired in a night. In Boston, it elected a whig Mayor, and then "gave up the ghost." In Portland, it commenced gradually made a grand display of show-bills, established an "organ," called out nimble-tongued orators, "kicked up a tremendous fuss generally," and then disappeared—"organ" and all. The history of the country cites no parallel instance of the extremes of the sublime and the ridiculous, so entirely and so completely embracing each other.

Not a few very honest and intelligent men, were caught, in this instance, by the name assumed by this new faction. But they have found out by this time, that names do not always truly indicate things. Why some of the leaders of this native American party were born in England, and Ireland! But perhaps they adopted Pat's doctrine. "A man isn't a horse if he is born in a barn." This trusting to a name, was what gave the federalists such a sudden accession of power when they stole from the archives of the past, the cognomen of "whig." Its adoption showed much shrewdness, whatever may be thought of its honesty. Thousands supposed that the principles of the whigs of the Revolution, must necessarily accompany the adoption of the title. But the clock was too transparent, and beneath was seen the same old Toryism that sided with the British in '76—that passed the alien and sedition law—that opposed the country during the last war—and that had ever been the friends of consolidated power and the enemy of popular right. In this case it has been clearly proved that assaids will smell the same though it may be labelled "Rose water."

The radical mistake of the Native was, in attempting to found their party on one idea. Such an experiment never has succeeded and never will. Its novelty may attract for a brief period, but when the two great parties come into the field with the old issues, the new-light will go out with the first whiff. One to the Manor Born.

TEXAS.

Letter from the Secretary of State to the Mexican Minister. The following letter was written by Mr. Buchanan, on the 10th of March, in answer to Almonte's protest against the annexation of Texas.

The undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, has received the note of General Almonte, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Mexican Republic, of the 6th instant, addressed to his predecessor, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, protesting in the name of his government against the resolution of the late Congress for annexing Texas to the United States; and he has submitted the same to the President.

In answer, the undersigned is instructed to say, that the admission of Texas as one of the States of this Union, having received the sanction both of the Legislative and Executive Departments of the Government, is now irrevocably decided, so far as the United States are concerned. Nothing but the refusal of Texas to ratify the terms and conditions on which her admission depends, can defeat this object.

It is, therefore, too late at present to re-open a discussion which has already been exhausted.

The President, nevertheless, regrets that the Government of Mexico should have taken offence at these proceedings, &c. he earnestly trusts that it may hereafter be disposed to view them in a more favorable and friendly light. Whilst entering upon the duties of the Presidential office, he cheerfully declares in advance, that his most strenuous efforts shall be devoted to the amicable adjustment of every cause of complaint between the two governments, and to the cultivation of the kindest and most friendly relations between the sister republics.

The undersigned has the honor to transmit to General Almonte his passport according to his request, and to assure him of his distinguished consideration and regard.

(Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

NAUVOO. The Mormons are now making a Temple. It is to be of solid masonry, six feet thick, and fourteen high, and to enclose six acres. A man by the name of Horna was killed last week, in the temple quarry.

